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University  
of the South,



Sewanee, Tenn.



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# Cap and Gown

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University of the South.



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'92

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To our Mother Mountain, with all the affection  
that the name implies, this book is dedicated  
as a slight tribute from her sons.



## The Cap and Gown.

---



“Mr. Mac. when will the Annual be out?”

---

In the midst of a conversation with his best girl, in the midst of his pious meditations in chapel, in the very acme of his bliss, when riding somebody else's bicycle, in the midst of his blatant dreams at night, this query has met the managing editor. All of his woes are unknown to these gentle questioners—they do not know how he has slaved and wept over the

annual—they seem to think that he has it somewhere in his coat pockets and will not deliver. They do not realize that it has been his study by day and his dream by night for a month or more—that all his heart and soul has gone into it. But such is the case. He has done his best and his associates have helped him. Such as it is, it represents a lot of hard work inspired by love of Sewanee. By that love which no time nor distance shall ever efface and which in the bosoms of her sons shall yet make her an honor to the world and to Mother Church.



# The University of the South.

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---

William P. Trent, M. A., Professor of History in the University, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this book, is a Virginian by birth. He was graduated at the University of Virginia, finishing his course at the Johns-Hopkins in 1889. Since this time he has been connected with this University in his present capacity. He has endeared himself to every student's heart by his earnest, hearty sympathy with them. His pains-taking thorough work in the class-room and his genial cordiality outside, has made him a host of friends. As acting Professor of English, he has brought that department up to a plane of excellence never before attained. We feel that he is identified with Sewanee. All of us will be sorry to leave his class-room, and some of us hope to have our children take our places under him.

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## The Cap and Gown.

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## The Juniors.

When this book appears the great question will be, why is there no list of Juniors? In order to head off those who are now inquiring every fifteen minutes, "when will the Annual be out," it has been deemed advisable to answer this question in advance. A list of gownsmen means something. There is a sort of homogeneity about them. They conform to a certain standard. But what could be learned from a list of Juniors? Did any man ever see two of them alike? They have only one characteristic in common. They are very unwell. Sick of a complaint which puzzles the entire medical faculty. Every day numbers of them are laid up, and not even Dr. Miller's Brick-dust Mixture relieves them. They are never sick all day. Their disorder, whatever it is, shows itself in paroxysms, as it were. They are too ill to go out at one hour and play base-ball the next. They are driven wild and to Nashville with their teeth one day and open Sardine Cans with them the next. Geometrical Pi gives them Cholera Infantum, but Wadham's Pie fattens them. Their eyes are so weak that they cannot study, but they read novels far into the "wee sma." They are so deaf that they cannot hear the Chapel bell, but when the Umpire called a foul tip of Vernon's a strike a whole Grandstand of them rose in their wrath and testified both vocally and instrumentally that he was deaf. If they were only well and hearty they would be such good fellows. For who is so full of enthusiasm for dear old Sewanee as they are? Who is so ready with his cash when it is needed or his voice in her behalf at all times? They are good for many things besides these—good to make gownsmen of, good to cheer one with their pretty, playful ways (when they are not sick) and good fellows generally.



## The Sewanee Spirit.

---

This is not a ghost story or a prohibition tract. There is said to be a Sewanee spirit that haunts the park to the terror of small boys, with or without gowns. There is also a Sewanee spirit, known sometimes as "mountain dew," which never saw a revenue officer, but which scents the breeze on Saturday afternoons when the covite who has disposed of his apples and chickens rides homeward among his peers. Of neither of these spirits is it our purpose to treat here.

The Sewanee spirit to which we refer has however one quality in common with the spirit whose coming and going gives the members of the Society for Psychical Research a reason for existing. It is used as a bugaboo. Not to scare children, however, but to impress our visitors. When the summer visitor is disposed to be naughty, i. e., when he or she becomes critical and suggests that we Sewanee folks think more of our new chapel fence than of the strike at Homestead, or that we have improved the Italian proverb into "See Sewanee and die," we immediately floor our impertinent critic with the remark, "Why, that is the Sewanee Spirit." When this mysterious ghostly entity is first invoked, the Philistine from the valley is apt to smile in a superior manner and to wonder whether among the various institutions installed upon the Cumberland Plateau, the Monteagles, the Fairmounts, the Sewanees, there is not one roomy, well-conducted lunatic asylum to be found. When it is invoked a second time, perhaps by a sober and grave professor, the Philistine becomes a little non-plussed. When the Professor's wife chirpily trots out the venerable apparition, non-plussage gives place to surplussage of wonder, when finally the summer girl of two years' standing, and the grammar school boy who heads the choir evoke this same spirit from the vasty deeps of Hodgson's Pond, the Philistine is subdued, he meditates suicide, the bugaboo has worked like a charm.

The Sewanee spirit to which we refer has also one quality in common with the spirit which sends the happy covite riding homeward with his body at anything but a right angle to his horse. When taken in large quantities it

has been known to be heady, it has to be dashed with common sense to keep it from being too intoxicating as well as to make it palatable to others. A person who has taken his Sewanee spirit, in large quantities, straight, is as likely as not to imitate the jeweler in Browning's poem, with the nightmare, name and cast himself off the battlements. When you have gone to the library to consult the fourth volume of Bancroft, and found that it has been missing for ten years, when your favorite Hardees or Sewanees have lost the championship, when you hear that Mr. So and So has said that Sewanee is too High Church for him, when you have been asked for a subscription to help one of the literary societies out of debt, when to crown all you hear that your name has been bandied about by Mrs. Grundy and two of her intimate friends, then you feel that the Sewanee spirit which prevents you from at once packing your trunk is a disease more felt than elephantiasis or the chewing gum habit.

But when you sit quietly down and study Sewanee's history from the documents, when you compare a photograph of the first chapel with the new Walsh building, when you think of the men and women who have given their prayers and their lives to build Sewanee up, when you see in your mind's eye Bishop Quintard planting the cross in the midst of the virgin woods, when you see Faculty and Students working in harmony to develop a great University, when you see the interest that every man, woman and boy takes in a Sewanee Athletic victory, when you see the merits of his air castle in the full belief that he will reach the hard, bare ground of real facts with limbs unbroken and breath unspent. These are the people who console themselves when our base ball nine goes off and gets beaten, by remarking, "well, the boys certainly looked nice, didn't they?" These same people also arrive at a public lecture half an hour late and wonder why the lecturer's face is not wreathed in smiles at their advent. They are disgusted too, if you cannot make up your mind the moment you get off the train whether to be a Sewanee or a Hardee. They are simply horror struck when you suggest that a Lyman medal contest is slightly wearisome.

"But what is this Sewanee spirit after all?" asks the impatient reader. *Cela depend*, dear reader, that depends upon—well, upon the digestion of the person rash enough to undertake to give you an answer. The Sewanee spirit sometimes appears to be a disease, sometimes an inspiration. When you

have had dyspepsia for a week, when ten days of November weather have been transported bodily into the middle of July, when you have stumbled over four several cows and eighteen several roots in endeavoring to reach your lodgings on a dark night, when you have gone to hear the bell ring itself hoarse because the Vice Chancellor has refused another call, when year by year you perceive that more scholarly work is being done in the several schools and that new departments are being added, when you find that neither absence nor years can dim the devotion of a single alumnus to his *alma mater*, when you see in your dreams the splendid group of Academic buildings completed, when to crown all you feel in your heart of hearts that your little mite of work is being done in God's service when it is being done for Sewanee, then you feel that the Sewanee spirit that has taken hold of you and will not let you go, is an inspiration and a joy forever—then you feel that not to appreciate that spirit is barely to be tolerated in a Philistine and to jest about it an offence that would be unpardonable in anyone save a

JOCO-SERIOUS.



The School of the Classics.

We, who are the aristocracy of intellect at the University, and have chosen that path up the hill of knowledge, which while it offers the most beautiful views, is at the same time the most rugged and dangerous, feeling that our experiences along that path may be of value to those who come after us, and of interest to all the rest, while our hearts yet swell with the climbing, our stone bruises smart, and our breath labours, pain would recount some of our adventures. These have been many and varied. When years ago—it must have been in the Silurian age,—we started out, it was with many wrong ideas. Thus we thought that sentences like the one which opens this article were inadmissible. But when we found in the model orations of Demosthenes sentences about an acre and a half in area, we changed our minds. We thought that Homer was a great poet; we wept over the parting of Hector and Archomache, and felt our heart burn within us at the wrath of Achilles. We know better now. Homer was no poet, he was a gram-

marian, and merely wrote to exemplify the use of 'ενα and 'οπως. "Burning Sappho," too, was not burning with poetic fire, she was "inflamed with a desire to show the changes in dialect after Homer. Hesiod—well, confidentially, we never did think Hesiod was much of a poet, only we did not know exactly what to call him. But see the advantages of classical study! we now know all about him, he was a puzzle maker, not the kind made of iron rings or the 15-14 one, but the kind that comes in the "Youths' Companion." His pages are a hunting ground for Parataxis. We shall never forget our bliss when we caught our first Parataxis. With heart swelling with the pride of a conqueror, we laid him at the professors' feet, and were told that he was not the right kind. We were crest-fallen, but we shall always believe it was Hesiod's fault. If a man pretends to keep a Paxataxis park, he has no right to deceive strangers with a bogus one. Our classical training has given us a proper and due appreciation of the tragic poets. Formerly we never could understand why the Athenians should have given prizes for such grief as they wrote—manifested only in "ee-ou! ee-ou!" or "ai, ai." But when we understand that they were writing text books, we became filled with the loftiest admiration of their genius. They had discovered the great secret how to make a small boy study grammer. With marvelous ingenuity they combined the grammer and the dime novel. By this master stroke the attention of the small boy was fixed and the various syntactical points which otherwise would have disgusted him became mere child's play. It is only of late years that we have discovered this—that we have learned that the Prometheus is a disquisition on causal clauses with the agony thrown in *pour l'agrippa*, that Euripedes wrote to show that the potential optative could be used without 'αυ, and Sophocles, only wrote to exemplify certain other linguistic peculiarities.

Philip of Macedon was one of the intimate friends of Demosthenes, and when the orator wanted to write something in order to crystalize the attic dialect he allowed the book to be dedicated to him. Hence the popular impression that Demosthenes wrote those harsh things against him. Lucian's contribution is perhaps the most valuable, he wrote or compiled an encyclopaedia or a "Moods and Tenses." The Gospels—The Gospels are of no importance, they are corrupt Greek.





## The Scientific Schools.

---

Last year the Cap and Gown stated that the Scientific department was on a boom. The boom time is over now, and the schools have settled down into unrippled prosperity.

Probably the best work has been done in the School of Philosophy. Here the students have wrestled with "Mechanism and Personality" until some of them almost understand the preface. In chemistry the school has been seriously handicapped by having the medical department on the floor above it. The students of this department are in the habit of singing "Boom-ta-ra" to keep up their courage during certain of their mystic rites, and the disciples of Remsen down below are distracted thereby. These same embryo doctors are an absent-minded lot, and leave the little souvenirs consisting of mutilated human remains which they intended to present to their friends in all sorts of unexpected places, as for example the wash bottle of the unsuspecting chemist. Notwithstanding these very serious drawbacks the Chemists have done well. So well that a rumor that one of them had passed, or at least thought he could pass, a final examination, was received with credulity by the Mountain.

The inclemency of the weather during the spring and summer has prevented the class in Astronomy from discovering any new planets. The class in Physics has done beautiful work. Already he knows the difference between acoustics and optics, and the professor seriously hopes that by commencement day he will recognize a prism when he sees it. He has already passed mechanics, having locked the professor in one day.

**The Engineering School.**

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It is expected that students shall have accomplished a full course of Pure Mathematics, Mechanics, Acoustics, Optics, Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Histology, Systematic Divinity, Greek, Italian, Metaphysics, Statute Law and Short Hand, before entering this school, and the catalogue says so, or words to that effect. He is then considered prepared to learn something. He probably does. The students of this school are a most enterprising lot, and gifted with an amount of perseverance which is astounding. No obstacle discourages them. They have even been known to wait for the Professor until he came. On one occasion when they were occupied with the "Practical adjustment of the Transit," they covered themselves with glory, by digging up with one of the legs of the tripod a whole ground-hog. This has been their greatest achievement in mining.

In calculating the contents—of certain vitreous vessels, "locating simple and compound curves and problems relating to them," and "tracing contours"—of a certain kind, their work has been most varied and successful. They can "lay out land" and almost anything else—indeed they have been known to lay themselves out.







Wilson,  
92.  
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## Theological Department.

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The Theological Department consists of fifteen theologues and a cat, to say nothing of the postulants. The cat counts, because she attends all classes—Senior, Middle and Junior—with wonderful regularity, and has heard the *Soteriology of the New Testament* read twice with grave appreciation slightly tempered by the spasmodic capture of fleas. It is true that she has been expelled from the Homiletic Society, and was once fired bodily out of the window in Exegesis class, but she has ignored her expulsion from the one, by the furtive connivance of the President, when the Secretary was not looking, and she immediately returned to the other as if nothing had happened. The imperturbability of that cat, and her supreme contempt for Homiletic By-Law 48, are admirable.

There is a notion in the University that the Theological Department is a collection of natural freaks and curiosities; that one entry of St. Luke's Hall is reserved for the more acute forms of mental aberration and that two non-theological, non-even-prospectively-theological, students were long kept there with a chain and pole to maintain peace and quietness. This notion is, in the main, incorrect, though circumstances which give colour to such a view may be mentioned. We will not go so far as to say that every member of the Department could obtain a certificate of sanity from two reputable physicians, but we believe that the great majority of them could. It might redound to the credit of the Department if the faculty would add such requirement to the entrance examinations, or at least to applications for graduation.

St. Luke's is strictly a stag hall, so that theologues who have committed matrimony have to seek residence elsewhere, but what is lacking in theologues is made up by postulants to the capacity of the hall. A postulant is one who purposes, or has purposed, or whose parents or guardians purpose or have purposed for him, the adoption of the ministry as his calling in life. Sometimes he gets there and sometimes he does not, and it is

not always easy to tell whether he is "acomin' or agoin'." There are also one or two residents in St. Luke's who do not contemplate taking Holy Orders and who are retained in order to add a little secular leaven to the ecclesiastical lump. They have a Spiritual Director who restrains the exuberance of their secularity and gets them up for early communion.

St. Luke's has hardly been an homogeneous and harmonious whole this term. The University students may be wrong in supposing that it could play itself with success as a dime museum, but they are quite right in regarding it as lacking some of these features which gave an unique domestic charm to the Swiss Family Robinson. Dyspepsia is a foe to amiability and dyspepsia has invaded the sacred precincts. There are men within those precincts whose views of life, like Smollets' opinions of the works of art in Italy, should have been reserved for the physicians. But when did a confirmed dyspeptic reserve anything? So there have been strifes and contentions. On the whole, however, the Department has done very well, the numbers have increased, the postulants have been kept fairly well within bounds, and the cat has flourished as a green bay tree.

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The great waves roll in grand and slow,  
Green curved like glass with crest and crown,  
In huge white foam heaps crush on down.  
Roll on great lines of roar and snow,  
Up smooth steep sea sands swirl and flow,  
Then sink while wet the drenched sands drown,  
Now bends the long grass gold and brown,  
While huge seas foam in long lines low.

The deep blue skies wind-swept and clear,  
Bright sands, slow waves, faint far white sail,  
The breeze and sun and gull's salt scream,  
Deep booms of surf in white lines drear,  
And far dark clouds that hold a gale,  
Seem wild bits caught in some strange dream.

## The Bishop Boone Society.

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When Artemus Ward advanced to the polling booth to exercise his right as an American sovereign in the presidential election of 1872, he scrutinized carefully the rival tickets and then cast a vote for Henry Clay, remarking that he preferred to vote for a respectable corpse instead of the politicians then running.

That is the state of mind of the writer of this article. The Bishop Boone Society is as dead as the great Pacificator, but being asked to contribute an article on the Missionary Society we take the "dead lion" every time. This article will be historical—the katabasis as it were of the Bishop Boone.

It seemed last summer to the uninitiated outsider, who is allowed to contribute meagrely to Bishop Boone and gaze on the theologs from a distance, that the social economy of St. Luke's was in a bad way. More freaks than usual had come up at the opening of the term. Some of them were formidable of aspect or of feet. Some of them had seventeen years, legal experience, some of them seventeen different kinds of appetite and all of them had more than seventeen peculiarities. With those they found already domiciled in the various entries, these made a fearful conglomeration. The mountain became nervous and whenever anything usual appeared to be about to occur at St. Luke's in the night season, used to send delegations with the cymbal, the dulcimer, the squeedunk, the foot-tub and the psaltery to soothe them. There were some reformers already at St. Luke's, and the new importation tried to reform everything but themselves—the old ones tried that. Finally they struck the Bishop Boone, and then there was war—not by any means in heaven but among the sky pilots.

The society had got along very pleasantly without any constitution, and it had never been reported to us that the heathen turned away in parliamentary disgust from the ministration of men supported by a society which had no fundamental instrument of organization ; (I think that is what they called

it.) But this lack had to be supplied, and a committee was duly appointed. It was mainly of the senior class and it exhibited a strange disregard for the laws of Louisiana as regards corporate bodies. It failed to discriminate between "public act" and "private act." It neglected to provide heirs, executors and assigns, and it resolutely refused to hear of a residuary legatee. Perhaps if this had been granted all had been well. But that committee refused to budge an inch on the question of a residuary legatee. Its report was made: Then was sprung by the new reformers, upon the society, the startling proposal for a change of name. Who was Bishop Boone anyhow? Did he convert Sewanee? Had he first preached the gospel on this spot? The name should be changed. It should be swept away, and the name Sewanee Missionary Society should be proudly adopted in its place.

All the faculty were absent but the Dean, and he sat calmly and placidly with that bland dignity which is all his own. He had never liked the name and had voted against it many years ago when it was first adopted. If the students wished to change it, he had no objection. Then the old reformer—he who had tried to reform everybody from the Janitor up, arose in verbose wrath and poured scorn upon the iconoclastic spirit that would rudely destroy the work of the past, and treated the whole matter in a way that aroused the feeling of the Junior Class of unusual proportions. Then the Widely Connected, who is the incarnation of suavity and complaisance, and who would have been prepared to change the name to the "Man in the Moon Society" if the Dean had said so, advocated the change. Finally the Cultivator of Oranges, who is not an incarnation at all to hurt, having considerably more frame than picture, but who was at variance with the scornful senior classmen, threw in his lot with the revolutionists and spoke his speech.

The fight was on. It was a struggle between giants of reform. The first thing done was to reform parliamentary law—by legal experience and blocks of five votes. Blocks of five triumphed, in spite of all the eloquence of the Censor of the Press, the Costumer of Janitors. The name was changed to Sewanee Missionary Society. Feeling was high—a crisis seemed imminent, but while the Cultivator of Oranges was chuckling with the Widely Connected, and the Censor hesitating between a desire to fly at the throats of the Junior Class, and an impulse to go into convulsions, the dinner bell rang and the meeting adjourned instantly, the Cultivator beating the Censor downstairs by a length and a-half, while the Widely Connected was distanced.



That night the faculty returned one by one, "Who's responsible for that thing this morning," asked the Vice Chancellor who had been off to Rome, Ga., to marry an Orsini to a Colonna. "Wasn't it a little discourteous while we were away?" said the gentle Professor of Exegesis who had gone to sleep on the train and been carried on by mistake to Chattanooga.

"I shall have to accentuate a principle," said the Professor of Dogmatics who had been excommunicating refractory parishoners at the Holy Otey. But nothing could be done till the next monthly meeting. Meanwhile the Cultivator of Oranges and the Costumer of Janitors kept things warm. Did the exasperation show signs of dying out in the fourth entry, they flew thither and fanned the flames. Did symptoms of placability appear in the third entry? They lay in wait and buttonholed the men one by one, and things were still at boiling point when the next monthly meeting took place. The faculty were there, the students were there, Legal Experience was there with briefs and books, the Junior Class was there, resolute. That stormy time may well be passed over.

That meeting was a sort of paroxysm, it ended the life of the Bishop Boone Society. And now, not the Censor but the Cultivator falls into traps set at Tremlet, and roots the small boy from under his bed, and the gownsman from his lair, in pursuit of wherewithal to convert the Chinese. The Sewanee Missionary Society has risen out of the wreck of Bishop Boone and begs quite as earnestly.

## The Revolt of the Postulant.

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It was evident early in the term that the Achoriculturist, despairing of a party in the Theological Department, that should in any real sense be his own so long as Legal Light and Leading swayed the Junior Class, was cultivating the postulants. He praised them publicly ; he championed them in the Homiletic Society ; he took them off in groups and made eulogistic orations to them, and then informed the Homiletic Society that he had done so, until the postulants began to think that they were very important members of the community indeed, who had been grievously neglected and imposed upon in the past.

Now it has always seemed to us that the presence of the gentle postulant at St. Luke's might be made of great use, not to say of comfort and joy to the theologue if some such arrangement were adopted as that in vogue at Eton and Harrow. We would assign to each theologue one postulant as fag and personal attendant, unless indeed the number of postulants should increase materially (which would be very likely under the fostering care of this beneficent system) and then we would give each ordinary theologue two postulants, and the seniors three. The postulants would thus learn that most important Christian lesson, to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their letters, and would cease to be a disturbing feature in the theological body politic.

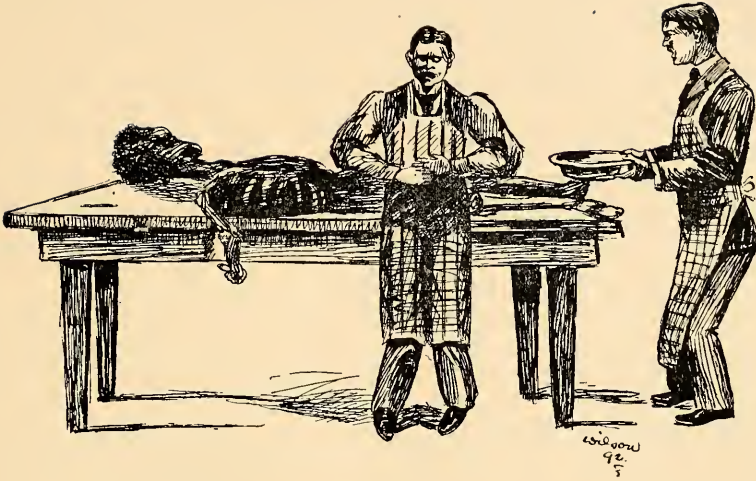
The short-sightedness of the founders of St. Luke's and certain prejudices of the faculty have always stood in the way of this scheme, which we believe to offer the solution of the postulant problem, and the Aboriculturalist was then left at liberty to gather round him a staunch band of embryonic presbyters if he could. The party was formed—few will be so bold as to deny that, though few penetrated fully into its dark mysteries—but it lacked the elements of coherence, because its leader lacked them. He would rule his subjects with a rod of iron ; like Alexander he would reign. In an evil day his attention was directed to the matter of dress. Postulants there were



amongst his gentle flock who had a weakness for cravats, others there were who affected baggy trousers. Surely such frivolities were unworthy, surely he had never set such example. When had they seen his manly form bedecked with garments that burst forth into spontaneous song? When had gay trappings adorned his neck? Loud cravats and capacious trousers must go. He expostulated with individuals; he harangued groups—but with little effect. Finally he issued an edict, and affixed it to the bulletin board at St. Luke's. It was a bold stroke. It was the *ultimo ratio*. Then came the revolt of the postulants. They would never yield to this tyranny. Let the party go—let the leader go—let everything go. “Let laws and learning art and science die, but leave us still our haberdashery.” So the party broke up, for there was nothing behind the *ultima ratio*, and the cultivator wandered about disconsolate.







## The Medical Department.

A notable event occurred on the last day of last year. The Medical Department was born. It is also worth mentioning that the Kirby-Smith house burnt down on the same day. It is asserted, however, by those who ought to know, that the Medical Department, like the proverbial mother-in-law, has come to stay. We are glad of this for we regard the Medical Department as an educator of other than medicos. It broadens our views of things; it enlarges our vocabulary. In old times we used to speak of dead people as *corpses*, but now we have learned to call them *stiffs*, and few of us knew anything about the *vaso-motor system* till Guerry told us all about it.

There is wisdom in the choice of bright crimson as the color of the medical tassel, as it is suggestive of blood and corruption; some thought the color ought to have been green, but that was surrendered with a view to assigning it to the Commercial Department.

The hood of the doctor of medicine likewise comes in for a large share of the bloody color, probably for the reason just given. It is lined with yellow because that is the color of small-pox flags.

The dean's residence has recently been painted red. Indeed, it is reasonable to conclude that in a short time the average medical student will be quite a well-red young man.

The Medical Department is full of surprises. In the first place it has surprised some people by being a great success. Then, again, its matriculants have turned out to be students. It might also be added that its students have turned out to be gentlemen. In spite of a strong propensity and natural bent they have not yet painted the town *red*. All of which is the greatest sort of surprise to the Mountain. The proctor cannot comprehend it and theologues does not understand it.

To athletic sports the Medical Department has been a great boon, and has supplied the best base ball catcher on the mountain. It may be authoritatively stated that as many as one-seventh of all the full course medical students are excellent athletes.

Medical students wear longer tassels and longer gowns than any of the other students. In this they simply represent the latest variation in the evolution of the academic toga. Those who have studied these variations most closely confidently assert that by the time the Law Department gets into full swing the "bell skirt" will be generally adopted by gownsmen.

The faculty are much pleased with the progress made by the students under their instruction, and it is said that several of the latter are already able to prescribe for persons as large as a Grammar School boy.

One of the professors has kindly translated for us from the original medico-canine-hieroglyphic latin the following prescription suggested by a medical student:

FOR A GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY.

R

Cow's milk,	one gill ;
Cane sugar,	one ounce ;
Flour,	two ounces ;
Distilled water,	one-half pint.
Mix and boil into a pap.	

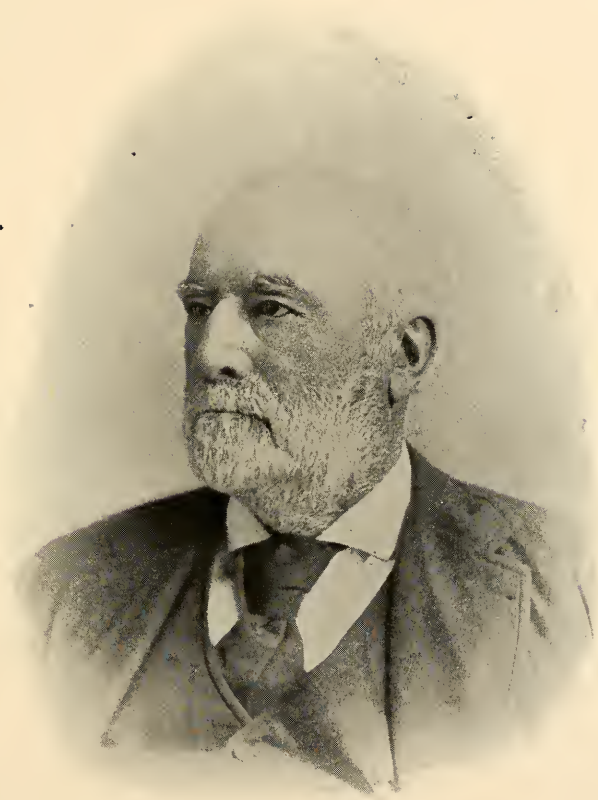
DIRECTIONS : To be sucked through a thin cloth three times a day.

One of the medical students has proven himself an exceedingly bright and quick scholar, but the faculty speak very gloomily about his future prospects, for they say he has a clear and legible hand-writing, and no one who possesses this drawback has ever been known to be a successful prescriptionist. The Medical Department is famous for its museum which contains, among many interesting curios, two life-sized portraits of Galen and Aesculapius. It is a matter of interest to friends of the University, and also an evidence of a general similitude in the features of great men, to observe that several persons have found in these portraits a certain indefinable likeness to the late Bishops Otey and Green.

To the casual and uninitiated observer the pickled objects that line the shelves of the museum everywhere are of considerable interest. We do not know what any of these specimens are, but have no doubt that they are the best of their kind, and very instructive to those skilled in linguistics, who are able to interpret the labels. We ventured to ask a medical student what one of these bottled objects was. It looked like a compromise between pickled pig's feet and an Egyptian mummy. He replied promptly that it was a "De profundis Sesquipedalia," or words to that effect. We then thanked him, bowed politely and passed on, happy in the consciousness of newly acquired information. The young man who told us about that bottled thing is a fine young fellow, and will doubtless graduate well in the Medical Department.

It would be very remiss to close this article without some mention of the professors. Not only Sewanee, but the whole country should be grateful to them for the self-sacrificing way in which they have devoted themselves to their work, for we feel assured that some day Sewanee will be honored and the country benefitted by the students they graduate.









Col. V. D. Walsh.

Col. V. D. Walsh of Louisiana, a cut of whom is seen on the preceding page, is a man whose type is unfortunately rare in this section of the country. A man to whom white hairs brought a desire to round up a useful life by giving an account of that which had been entrusted to him. In a quiet business-like way he began a few years ago to look around for an investment which should go into the walls of his "House not made with hands." Hence it was that alongside of Convocation House to be connected with it through Breslin Tower, arose the noble Walsh Memorial Hall, erected in loving memory of his daughter. Hence it is that this summer we go from the meanest class-rooms in the United States to the finest in the South. We have no fulsome words of praise for Col. Walsh. It suffices to say that future generations shall praise him in their deeds.

## Degrees Conferred.

### Commencement Day 1891.

#### *Bachelor of Science.*

WILLIAM MOREAU BOSTWICK, JR . . . . . Florida.

#### *Bachelor of Literature.*

JOHN BARNWELL ELLIOTT, JR . . . . . Louisiana.  
 WILKINS BENOIST SHIELDS . . . . . Mississippi.  
 WALTER BARNWELL . . . . . South Carolina.  
 PAUL TRAPIER GADSDEN . . . . . South Carolina.

#### *Bachelor of Arts.*

WILLIAM SAMUEL SLACK . . . . . Louisiana.  
 WILKINS BENOIST SHIELDS . . . . . Mississippi.  
 EDWARD BRIDGE NELSON . . . . . Michigan.

#### *Bachelor of Divinity.*

REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUERRY, M. A . . . . . South Carolina.  
 REV. ROBERT HENRY COLE, M. A . . . . . Canada.

#### *Master of Arts.*

WALTER BARNWELL . . . . . South Carolina.  
 ISAAC BALL, JR . . . . . South Carolina.  
 AUGUSTUS BOUCHER . . . . . Louisiana.  
 WILLIAM HASKELL DUBOSE . . . . . South Carolina.  
 JOHN BARNWELL ELLIOTT, JR . . . . . Louisiana.  
 WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE . . . . . Scotland.  
 KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE . . . . . Scotland.  
 HANSON WEEMS JONES . . . . . Louisiana  
 WILLIAM HENRY MCKELLAR . . . . . South Carolina.  
 JAMES CRAIK MORRIS . . . . . Kentucky.  
 ERNEST HOWARD ROWELL . . . . . Maine.  
 PAUL TRAPIER GADSDEN . . . . . South Carolina.

Degrees Conferred. *Honoris Causa.*

*Doctor of Divinity.*

RT. REV. HENRY MELVILLE JACKSON . . . . .	Alabama.
RT. REV. DAVIS SESSUMS . . . . .	Louisiana.
REV. JOHN JOHNSON . . . . .	South Carolina.
REV. CHAUNCEY C. WILLIAMS . . . . .	Georgia.

*Doctor of Laws.*

REV. EUGENE A. HOFFMAN . . . . .	New York.
REV. GEORGE S. MALLORY . . . . .	New York.
HON. HENRY WATTERSON . . . . .	Kentucky.
PROF. THOS. R. PRICE . . . . .	New York.
PROF. C. P. WILCOX . . . . .	Georgia.

*Doctor of Civil Law.*

JAMES H. LEWIS . . . . .	England.
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## Honor Men for the year 1891.

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Latin Salutatory,  
English Oration,  
French Oration,

WILLIAM H. MCKELLAR, S. C.  
WALTER BARNWELL, S. C.  
DANIEL H. HAMILTON, N. C.

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## Prizes.

Kentucky Medal for Greek,  
Masteer Medal for Latin,  
Van Hoose Medal for German,  
Ruggles-Wright Medal for French,  
Price Medal for English,  
Marks Prize for English,  
Bp. Lyman Prize for Declamation,  
DeBow Cup for Oratory,  
Brown Cup for English Composition,  
Trent Medal for Debate,

WILLIAM H. MCKELLAR.  
WALTER BARNWELL.  
EWING F. HOWARD.  
NOT AWARDED.  
HUDSON STUCK.  
NOT AWARDED.  
AUGUSTUS BOUCHER.  
PAUL T. GADSDEN.  
HUDSON STUCK.  
PAUL T. GADSDEN.

# The Alumni Association.

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## Officers for 1891-1892.

### *President.*

REV. J. A. VAN HOOSE, B. L.T., Alabama.

### *First Vice-President.*

REV. A. W. KNIGHT, Florida.

### *Second Vice-President.*

ALBERT E. NOBLE, Alabama.

### *Third Vice-President.*

THOMAS C. BARRETT, Louisiana.

### *Fourth Vice-President.*

REV. F. A. DEROSSET, M.A., Mississippi.

### *Fifth Vice-President.*

DR. H. W. BLANC, B.S., Louisiana.

### *Recording Secretary.*

DR. W. B. HALL, M.A., Alabama.

### *Corresponding Secretary.*

W. B. NAUTS, M.A., Kentucky.

### *Treasurer.*

C. P. HAMMOND, C.E., Georgia.

### *Historian.*

REV. QUINCY EWING, Louisiana.

### *Alumni Editor.*

B. L. WIGGINS, M.A., South Carolina.

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Chairman, Louisiana.

DR. W. B. HALL, M.A., Alabama.

W. B. NAUTS, M.A., Kentucky.

REV. J. A. VAN HOOSE, B. L.T., Alabama.

C. P. HAMMOND, C.E., Georgia.

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C. G. COYLE, B.S., C.E., Louisiana.

A. E. NOBLE, Alabama.

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A. E. NOBLE, Alabama.

C. G. COYLE, B.S., C.E., Louisiana.

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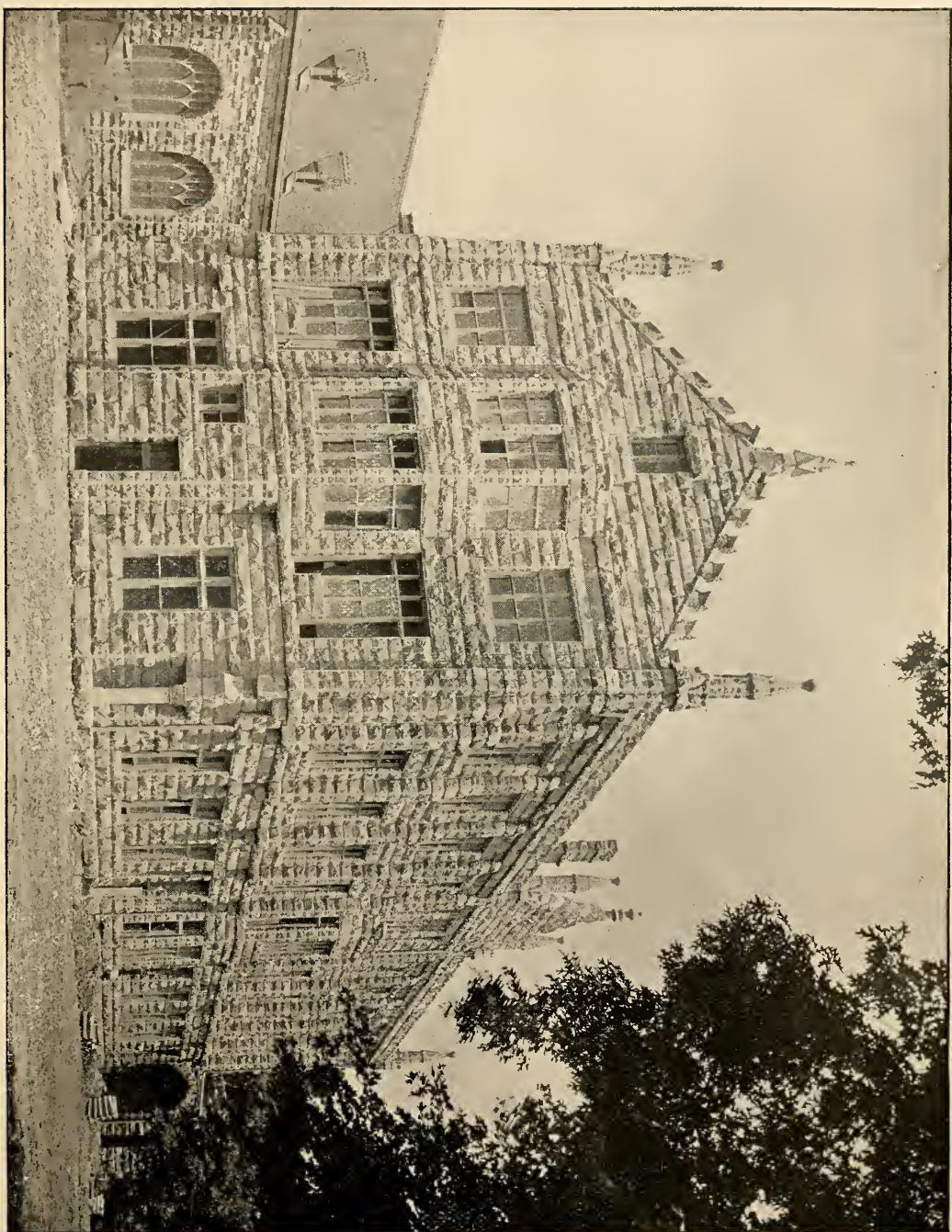
REV. MCNEELY DUBOSE, B.S., B.D., South Carolina.

C. P. HAMMOND, C.E., Alabama.

SILAS MCBEE, North Carolina.







WALSH MEMORIAL HALL.



# The Fraternities.



## Fraternities.

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The Fraternities at Sewanee occupy a somewhat unique position. There are no animosities. Each one considers the others as members of the same great body—children of one mother as it were. Between the several chapters the most cordial relations exist. Wire-pulling is almost unknown at Sewanee, and the few cases are sporadic. Much has been said and written abroad about the Pan Hellenic convention which exists here, and a few words in regard to its origin and function may not be amiss.

There is in connection with the University a preparation school where certain "Kids" are tamed enough to enter the University. Over these the University exercises a sort of patronage and control, and in pursuance of the above mentioned purpose decided that these embryo gownsmen were not eligible to Fraternity membership. Each chapter on being granted a charter was compelled to promise to eschew the gentle small boy until such time as he should swap his knickerbockers for longer nether garments. This they all did. But it soon became obvious that it was an easy matter to build such a fence of partiality around the game before he got grown, as it were, as to make it as easy matter to bag him. This is where the Pan-Hellenic came in. Each chapter sent delegates to a Joint Convention empowered to represent it in the matter, and the result was that the Convention was made permanent. A member of the oldest chapter was made president, a secretary was elected, and the body organized on a basis of mutual good will.

When any difficulty in regard to the Kid arises, the convention meets tries the case, and if proof of direct influence can be found strong enough to convict, the offending chapter has the option of suspending itself voluntarily or of being reported to the faculty. This has been found necessary only once. While the Convention has no power in itself, it is thus of incalculable benefit to the chapters. The Pan convention established Cap and Gown.

There are at Sewanee seven chapters and six chapter houses, two of stone. The youngest and smallest being the only one without a home of its own. This one is already taking steps in this direction. The main reason for the good feeling existing is, the chapters are not social clubs, but real Fraternities, each one feeling that the good name of its order for brotherly love, and culture is worth more than honor (?) obtained by paltry schemes. The chapters are given in the order of establishment.







## Alpha Tau Omega.

### Omega Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1877.

*Colors—Blue, Gold, Green, White.*

#### Fratres in Facultate.

THOMAS FRANK GAILOR, D. D., S. T. D., Vice Chancellor.  
BENJAMIN LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A., Prof. Ancient Language.

#### Adjutators.

WILLIAM HENRY MCKELLAR, M.A., WILLIAM BOONE NAUTS, M.A.

#### In Urbe.

RT. REV. CHARLES TODD QUINTARD, D.D., *et. al.*  
GEORGE A. QUINTARD, ROBERT LIONEL COLMORE,  
EDWARD A. QUINTARD, PRESTON S. BROOKS.

#### In Academia.

ALEXANDER SESSUMS CLEVELAND, Tex.,	J. W. CANTEY JOHNSON, S. C.,
WILLIAM DAVIS CLEVELAND, Tex.,	WILLIAM HENRY JOHNSTON, Ala.,
HENRY STEINER DUNBAR, Ga.,	EDWARD D. JOHNSTON, Ala.,
ROBERT WOODWARD BARNWELL ELLIOTT, Tex.	JOHN MORTON MORRIS, Ky.,
FRANK C. FISHBURNE, S. C.,	EDWARD BRIDGE NELSON, B.A., Mich.,
JOHN YOUNG GARLINGTON, S. C.,	ALEXANDER R. SHEPHERD, Mex.,
E. PRIOLEAU GAILLARD, S. C.,	WILLIAM BENOIST SHIELDS, B.A.,
NATHANIEL HEYWARD, S. C.,	FRANCIS ELLIOTT SHOUP, Tenn.,
JOHN MCKEE VANDUZER, Ill.	

#### In Medicina.

H. O. CARMICHAEL, Ga.

#### In Theologia.

R. A. LEE, S. C.





## Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

### Grand Chapter Omega.

ESTABLISHED 1881.

*Colors—Purple and Old Gold.*

#### Fratres in Facultate.

GENERAL EDMUND KIRBY-SMITH, C. S. A.,  
CAMERON PIGGOTT, M.D., JOHN GADSDEN, M.A.,  
BENJAMIN WILLIS WELLS, Ph. D., REV. MORTIMER MURRAY BENTON.

#### Instructors.

ERNEST HOWARD ROWELL, M.A., HANSON WEEMS JONES, M.A.,  
CHARLES POLLARD COCKE.

#### Academic.

JAMES LA ROCHE BAILEY,	ALEXANDER GALPIN BLACKLOCK,
JOHN QUINTON BECKWITH,	SAMUEL CAREY BECKWITH,
JOHN ASHTON BLANCHARD,	FRANCIS LANGING COYLE,
WALTER BENJAMIN FAISON,	CHARLES BICKHAM FORD,
FRANCIS LE JAN FROST, JR.,	WILLIS GOLDTHWAITE,
LE GRAND GUERRY,	ARTHUR BELL HALL,
WILLIAM BONELL HALL, M.A., M.D.	WILMOT STEWART HOLMES,
CHARLES HEYWARD HASKELL,	LAWRENCE RUST HILSMAN,
WILLIAM WEEMS JONES,	REYNOLD MARVINE KIRBY-SMITH,
HENRY CHASTAIGNIER MAZYCK,	SAMUEL OLIVER NOYES,
LANDON CABELL READ,	FRANCIS EPPES SHINE,
MILTON FINEY SMITH,	CORNEILLE BACON STROTHER,
	WILLIAM SIDNEY VERNON.



**Kappa Sigma.**

---

FOUNDED 1400.

BROUGHT TO AMERICA 1867.

---

**Omega Chapter.**

ESTABLISHED 1882.

*Colors—Old Gold, Maroon and Peacock Blue.*

---

**Fratres in Facultate.**

HENRY WILLIAM BLANC, B.S., M.D.,      HUGH ROBERT MILLER, M.D.

**In Academia.**

JOHN LEWIS,      JAMES FINDLAY TORRENCE SARGENT,      EDWARD SARGENT,  
SAMUEL BEAZLEY PAXTON,      WILLIAM MERCER GREEN,      EDWIN PARKER.

**In Medicina.**

MYLES DARBIN CUNNINGHAM,      RANDOLPH PEGUES MULLINS.

**In Theologia.**

JOSEPH HALL SPEARING.



## Phi Delta Theta.

*ὅμῃς ῥκνηρ ὁμδεῖς ῥ νηε.*

### Tennessee Beta Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1883.

*Colors---Blue and White.*

**Fratres in Urbe.**

ROBERT MARION DUBOSE, Treasurer, University.

**In Facultate.**

FRANCIS ASBURY SHOUP, D.D.

ANGELO AMES BENTON, D.D.

**In Academic.**

WILLIAM BREITHAUP BENJAMIN, La.,

EDWIN KEITH CALDER, N. C.,

FREDERICK GRAY HEBBARD, N. Y.,

JOHN CARMICHAEL JENKINS, Miss.,

HENRY TURNER SOAPER, Ky.,

ELWOOD WILSON, Pa.,

CALEB BRINTNAL KNEAVLES WEED, N. J.,

DANIEL F. CARTER BUNTIN, Tenn.,

ABNER EVERETT GREEN, Miss.,

FRANK GRIFFITHS HOGAN, Ky.,

WILLIAM MUDD JORDAN, Ala.,

JAMES BENNETT WILDER, Ky.,

FRANCIS VAUX WILSON, Pa.,

J. MARSHAL WOOLFOLK, Ky.,

GARNET SEBASTIAN ZORN, Ky.



**Delta Tau Delta.**

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**Beta Theta Chapter.**

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ESTABLISHED 1883.

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*Colors.—Silver, Gray and Purple.*

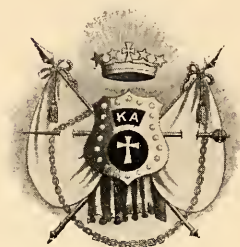
*Fratres.*

**In Academia.**

WILLIAM LANE ATKINSON,	Texas.
WILBUR GAYLE BROWN,	Alabama.
SPRUILLE BURFORD,	New York.
JOHN BROWN CANNON,	Tenn.
JOSEPH MILTON DILL,	Illinois.
CHARLES GOOKINS DUY,	Georgia.
ALBERT MEINS HOOPER,	Texas.
JOSEPH EPPES HOOPER,	Texas.
SEBASTIAN KING JOHNSON,	Tenn.
KNOX JONES,	Texas.
JOSE MARTIN SELDON,	Georgia.
HENRY C. SEMPLE,	Kentucky.
CHARLES MILTON TOBIN,	Texas.
LOUIS TUCKER,	Alabama.
WILLIAM EDWARD WILMERDING,	Texas.

**In Theologia.**

HUDSON STUCK,	England.
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## Kappa Alpha.

ESTABLISHED 1883.

### In Facultate.

WILLIAM HENRY GRAHAM, Canada.

### In Urbe.

JOSHUA ROBERTSON NICHOLLS, North Carolina.

### In Academia.

FRANCIS TEBBITTS CONSTANT,	Louisiana.
CHARLES LEWIS GLASS,	Texas.
GEORGE HENRY GLASS,	Texas.
JAMES WILMER GRESHAM,	Louisiana.
WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE,	Scotland.
DANIEL HEYWARD HAMILTON, JR.,	North Carolina.
GEORGE WILMER HODGSON,	Virginia.
EWING FOX HOWARD,	Mississippi.
WILLIAM GORREY HOWE,	Wisconsin.
WALLIS BODIEN KEENE,	Louisiana.
HENRY JUDAH MIKELL,	South Carolina.
HOWARD LORD MOREHOUSE,	Wisconsin.
JOHN MYGATT NORTHRUP,	Kentucky.
WARREN AUBREY WILKERSON,	Texas.



**Sigma Mu.**

---

**Beta Omicron Chapter.**

ESTABLISHED 1889.

---

*Colors—White, Black, Gold.*

*Fratres.*

**In Academia.**

GEORGE CORTNER AYDELOTT,  
NOLAND FONTAINE, JR.  
JOHN HENRY MINGE,  
WILLIAM TEMPLE SEIBLES,  
JAMES WARE WALKER,  
WILLIAM WHITAKER,

Tenn.  
Tenn.  
Alabama.  
Alabama.  
Alabama.  
Texas.

**In Theologia.**

BERTRAM ERWIN BROWN, A. B.

Alabama.





## Fraternity Men who have no Chapter at the University.

REV. TELFAIR HODGSON, D. D.	K A	Nor Order.
REV. W. P. DUBOSE, S. T. D.	Δ K E	
PROF. W. P. TRENT, M. A.	Φ K Ψ	
MR. S. C. HUGHSON,	X Ψ	
MR. W. L. H. BENTON.	Δ K E	
REV. JAS. M. MCGRUDER,	X Φ	
MR. S. D. WILCOX,	K A	Nor Order.
MR. ALBERT MARTIN,	Σ X	

### SUMMARY OF FRATERNITIES.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA.	28
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.	33
KAPPA SIGMA.	11
PHI DELTA THETA.	18
DELTA TAU DELTA.	16
KAPPA ALPHA.	
SIGMA NU.	7
KAPPA ALPHA, (N. O.)	2
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.	2
SIGMA CHI	2
CHI PSI.	1
PHI KAPPA PSI.	1
TOTAL,	







**Order of Anchovies.**

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A. BOUCHER,

F. L. COYLE,

CHAS. P. COCKE,

A. E. GREEN,

H. A. JONES,

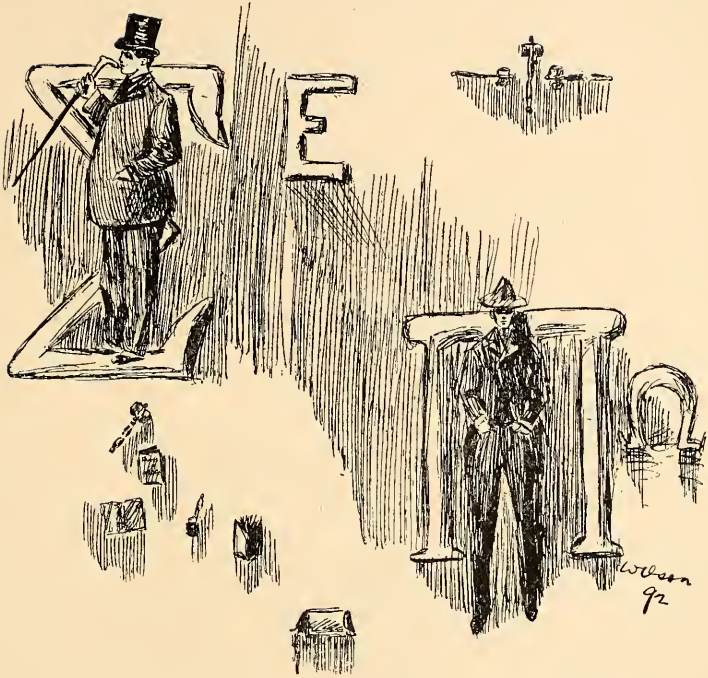
E. B. NELSON,

F. E. SHOUP,

J. B. WILDER.

? ? ?





## Sigma Epsilon Literary Society.

FOUNDED 1869.

### OFFICERS :

*President*, HUDSON STUCK, ENG.  
*Secretary*, SPRUILE BURFORD, N. Y.  
*Treasurer*, W. A. ATKINSON, TEX.  
*Critic*, F. E. SHOUP, TENN.

### AGITATORS :

HUDSON STUCK, CHIEF.  
J. M. MORRIS, BABY.  
E. D. JOHNSTON,  
L. GUERRY, PT. OF ORDER.

Pi Omega Literary Society.

---

FOUNDED 1871.

---

OFFICERS.

*President.*

JOS. E. SPEARING, Louisiana.

*Secretary.*

J. W. GRESHAM.

*Treasurer.*

C. M. TOBIN.

*Critic.*

K. S. GUTHRIE.

*Bosses.*

J. E. SPEARING, Counselor.

C. M. TOBIN, Bouncer.

*Committee on Old Clothes.*

J. E. SPEARING.





### The Chelidon.

An account of the year's doings with the Chelidon left out would resemble a Mint Julip with the Julip omitted. Because just as the Julip transforms grass and water into something very different, so the Chelidon imparts a certain piquancy to the University.

Of course every one knows that the object of the Chelidon is to obtain practice in the art of extempore speaking. But there is another object which is looming into importance, and that is to have banquets. There was an elaborate one this year. The toast master showed what the society had done for him by delivering sixty-four speeches in the course of the evening. Indeed all the members distinguished themselves. They all became so full (about eleven o'clock) of ardor, that each one got himself a corner and delivered a masterly oration in concert with all the others. Then they all wandered off in the dark to get rid of some of the ardor. The meeting adjourned at about two in the morning, and was a Godsend to the S. P. J. K. for a month.







## Athletic.

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A review of Athletics at the University during the past year, while perhaps not so gratifying as one could wish, will nevertheless show many grounds of encouragement. In the first place a foot ball team was organized last fall, and though only one game out of three was won, nevertheless a start was made, and the new game is firmly established, the mountain taking kindly to it at once. The team had no trainer save its captain, who had played a little in a Northern preparatory school. It failed to score only in its first game—the first game ever played here. Experience is all that is now needed. We have eight games scheduled for this year and a promising team.

In the spring we won two events at Vanderbilt's Field Day sports. Cleveland breaking their 2.20 record, and winning the 100 yards in good time. Here again lack of experience handicapped us considerably.

In base ball we have played in hard luck this year. It was due to the tireless energy and enthusiasm of Mr. E. A. Quintard, our efficient manager, that we had a team at all. We were sadly in need of a pitcher, and it was not until near the commencement of other colleges that our team was fully organized by the appearance on our diamond of Messrs. Semple and Vernon, who had just graduated from the Louisville High School. Before this time we had lost two games to the Nashville Athletic Club. Semple signalized his appearance by defeating this team, not allowing a single hit, and striking out thirteen men. Winchester fell an easy prey to Brown's out curves, and when two days after, University of Tennessee was defeated by a score of fourteen to four, our hopes rose, since Vernon won this game, and we knew we had two fine pitchers. But after this there was nothing but disaster. A grim sort of Hoodoo seemed to have settled down upon the team. The University of Tennessee defeated us the next day, though Semple pitched and only four hits were made and sixteen struck out. Failure to hit on our part lost this game, as our team was much stronger than the opposing nine. A journey to Birmingham, whereof the memory of upper berths yet clings

to us, brought us defeat at the hands of the University of Alabama, and a Mr. Beresford who stood where the umpire generally stands. It may be said for him however that he had no better sense. Here again Semple distinguished himself, allowing two hits with twenty strike outs. As the team made only two errors it is not hard to perceive how the Umpire got in his work. Our indoor work has been exceptionally good. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Miles for his efficient management of the Gymnasium which is now thoroughly equipped. Mr Miles is one of a type common at Sewanee, a man who devoted himself heart and soul to work in which he is needed and appreciated, when he might do much better financially elsewhere. The Field Day was a great success. Six of our records were broken, and all the records made were creditable. The great drawback here is the want of a good track. A track with undulations in it is not conducive to speed. It is in this connection again that we must praise Mr. Miles, since the great success of the occasion was due entirely to his management.

It is gratifying in the highest degree to note the fact that a handsome grand stand capable of holding five hundred people, together with a fence enclosing the grounds, has been erected by a stock company of students. The bathing tank is the outcome of another stock company. One thing has seriously hindered the success of athletics at Sewanee—the lack of business methods in the management of the Athletic Associations affairs. The whole conduct of the association must be revolutionized before our teams can be placed upon a firm footing. Financially the Athletic year has not so far proven a success. Having no outside element to draw from, our gate receipts are necessarily small, and it is only in mid-summer, at commencement time, that we have any crowd.









## Gewanee Athletic Association.

---

REV. THOS. F. GAILOR, *President.*

HUDSON STUCK, *Secretary.*

CHAS. M. TOBIN, *Treasurer.*

J. EDW. MILES, *Captain Field Sports.*

ALEX. Y. SHEPHERD, *Captain Foot-ball Team.*

WILL. D. CLEVELAND, *Captain Base-ball Team.*

ED. A. QUINTARD, *Manager Base-ball Team.*

JAMES M. WILDER, *Manager Foot-ball Team.*

H. W. JONES, *Starter.*

W. H. MCKELLAR, *Clerk of Course.*







University Foot Ball Team.

F. E. SHOUP, *Manager.*

*Full Back,*

W. D. CLEVELAND.

*Half Backs,*

A. S. CLEVELAND,

W. G. BROWN.

*Rush Line,*

A. E. GREEN,

D. H. HAMILTON,

C. M. TOBIN,

A. SHEPHERD,

J. B. WILDER,

H. C. HARRIS,

L. GUERRY.

GAMES.

VANDERBILT vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	Sewanee, . . . . .	22—0
SEWANEE vs. UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, . . . . .	Chattanooga, . . . . .	26—0
VANDERBILT vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	Nashville . . . . .	26—4

## University Base Ball Team.

---

W. D. CLEVELAND, c.f., *Captain.*

G. C. AYDELLOTT, 2b.

H. C. SEMPLE, p.

H. O. CARMICHAEL, c.

A. G. BLACKLOCK, s.s.

F. C. FISHBURNE, r.f.

C. L. GLASS, 3b.

H. T. SOAPER, 1b.

W. G. BROWN, l.f.

R. C. SMITH, sub.

E. A. QUINTARD, *Manager.*W. H. MCKELLAR, *Scorer.*

### GAMES 1892.

ATHLETICS vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	Nashville, . . . . .	12— 2
ATHLETICS vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	Sewanee, . . . . .	4— 1
ATHLETICS vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	Sewanee, . . . . .	3— 6
UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE vs. SEWANEE, . .	Sewanee, . . . . .	4—14
UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE vs. SEWANEE, . .	Sewanee, . . . . .	5— 3
WINCHESTER vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	Sewanee, . . . . .	0—32
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, vs. SEWANEE, . .	Birmingham, . . . . .	6— 3
N. A. C. vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	Nashville, . . . . .	11— 5
Total, SEWANEE 64. Opponents 46.		









# Base Ball Fielding Records.

## PITCHERS.

	P. O.	A.	E.	P. CT.	Times of Opponents at bat.	Base Hits.	Struck Out.	Runs Earned.	Total Runs.
SEMPLE . . . .	1	50	3	.944	94	6	49	0	14
VERNON . . . .	0	9	0	1.000	37	11	6	0	4

## CATCHERS.

CARMICHAEL . .	41	5	7	.867					
AYDELOTT . . .	14	5	3	.863					

## SECOND BASE.

CARMICHAEL . .	5	3	1	.888					
AYDELOTT . . .	7	7	4	.777					

## THIRD BASE.

GLASS C . . . .	17	9	3	.896					
VERNON . . . .	1	1	3	.400					

## SHORT STOP.

BLACKLOCK . .	6	18	9	.727					
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## FIRST BASE.

SOAPER . . . .	64	0	3	.955					
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## FIELDERS.

CLEVELAND . .	4	1	0	1.000					
BROWN . . . .	7	6	4	.765					
FISHBURNE . .	4	1	3	.625					
SEMPLE . . . .	1	0	1	.500					

# Base Ball Batting Record.

	A. B.	R.	I. B.	T. B.	B. B.	S. O.	PER CENT.
VERNON . . . . .	8	3	2	3	2	0	.375
FISHBURNE . . . . .	17	1	4	6	3	6	.353
AYDELOTT . . . . .	24	3	7	8	6	4	.333
CLEVELAND . . . . .	29	6	5	9	1	3	.310
SEMPLE . . . . .	17	2	5	5	0	2	.294
BLACKLOCK . . . . .	28	1	8	8	1	7	.285
SOAPER . . . . .	27	4	2	4	3	8	.148
GLASS C . . . . .	22	3	2	2	3	9	.090
CARMICHAEL . . . . .	25	4	1	1	3	4	.040
BROWN . . . . .	16	5	0	0	7	10	.000

## Athletic Records—1892.

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Event.	Winner.	Record.
100 Yards Dash, . . . . .	GRAHAME GOLDTHWAITE, . . . . .	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
220 Yards Dash, . . . . .	W. D. CLEVELAND, . . . . .	24 sec.
440 Yards Dash, . . . . .	W. D. CLEVELAND, . . . . .	57 sec.
One Mile Run, . . . . .	R. M. KIRBY-SMITH, . . . . .	
Pole Vault, . . . . .	GRAHAME GOLDTHWAITE, . . . . .	9 feet 6 inches.
Running High Jump, . . . . .	GEORGE PHELAN, . . . . .	5 feet 4 inches.
Running Long Jump, . . . . .	W. D. CLEVELAND, . . . . .	19 feet 6 inches.
Throwing Hammer, . . . . .	J. B. WILDER, . . . . .	69 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
Putting Shot . . . . .	J. B. WILDER, . . . . .	29 feet 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
Hurdle Race, . . . . .	E. B. NELSON, . . . . .	19 sec.

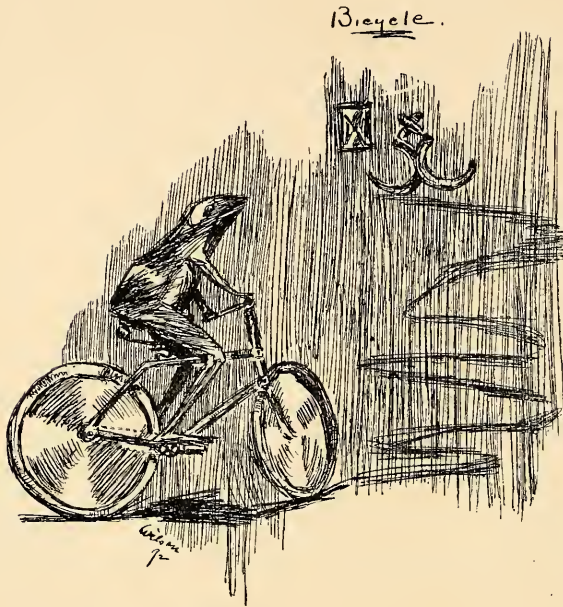
### AT VANDERBILT.

100 Yards Dash, . . . . .	W. D. CLEVELAND, . . . . .	10 2-5 sec.
220 Yards Dash, . . . . .	W. D. CLEVELAND, . . . . .	24 2-5 sec.

### CHAMPIONSHIP.

WILLIAM DAVIS CLEVELAND, 15 Points.





## **Bicycle Club—Gewanee Wheelmen.**

---

1892.

*Colors—Blue and White.*

---

JNO. LEWIS, Alabama, *President.*

J. M. MORRIS, Kentucky, *Sec'y and Treas.*

J. J. PORTS, Mississippi, *Vice-President.*

J. E. HOOPER, Texas.

J. E. MILES, Maryland.

## Hardee Base Ball Club.

FOUNDED 1869.

*Colors—Red and White.*

### OFFICERS.

FRANCIS L. COYLE, La., *President.*

CHARLES M. TOBIN, Tex., *Treasurer.*

A. SESSUMS CLEVELAND, Tex., *Vice-Pres.*

ALEX. G. BLACKLOCK, Ten., *Secretary.*

### TEAM.

A. G. BLACKLOCK, 2b. *Captain.*

J. E. HOOPER, p.

H. O. CARMICHAEL, c.

H. T. SOAPER, 1b.

S. BURFORD, s.s.

ALEX. SHEPHERD, 3b.

L. GUERRY, l.f.

W. D. CLEVELAND, c.f.

A. S. CLEVELAND, r.f.

### GAMES.

HARDEE vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	May 29, . . . . .	16—6
HARDEE vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	June 4, . . . . .	6—4
HARDEE vs. SEWANEE, . . . . .	July 27 . . . . .	5—6

## The Cap and Gown.

### Sewanee Base Ball Club.

*Colours—Blue and White.*

#### OFFICERS.

H. W. JONES, La., *President.*                      C. L. GLASS, Tex., *Treasurer.*  
W. H. JOHNSON, Ala., *Secretary.*

#### TEAM.

W. G. BROWN, p. *Captain.*  
F. E. SHOUP, 1b.  
R. S. RUST, s.s.  
C. L. GLASS, 3b.  
E. B. NELSON, r.f.  
F. C. FISHBURNE, l.f.  
G. C. AYDELOTT, c.  
W. H. JOHNSON, c.f.  
R. K. SMITH, 2b.

#### GAMES.

SEWANEE VS. HARDEE . . . . .	May 29 . . . . .	6—16
SEWANEE VS. HARDEE . . . . .	June 4 . . . . .	4-- 6
SEWANEE VS. HARDEE . . . . .	July 27 . . . . .	6— 5





THE  
ADVENT OF  
Ye Summer Girl.



## Senior German Club.

---

### OFFICERS.

FRANCIS L. COYLE, Louisiana, <i>Pres't.</i>	WILBUR G. BROWN, Alabama, <i>Vice-Pres't.</i>
WILLIAM H. JOHNSTON, Alabama, <i>Sec'y.</i>	HUNT HENDERSON, Louisiana, <i>Treas.</i>

### LEADERS.

#### GERMANS.

DANIEL H. HAMILTON, North Carolina.	HUNT HENDERSON, Louisiana.
A. SESSUMS CLEVELAND, Texas.	WILLIAM D. CLEVELAND, Texas.
JNO. Y. GARLINGTON, South Carolina.	

### HOPS.

A. SESSUMS CLEVELAND, Texas, University Hop.  
FRANCIS L. COYLE, Louisiana, Commencement Ball.  
FRANCIS E. SHOUP, Tennessee, Commencement German.

### MEMBERS IN ADDITION TO ABOVE.

S. CAREY BECKWITH, Va.	ABNER E. GREEN, Miss.	WILLIAM HOWE, Ill,
H. STEINER DUNBAR, Ga.	EDWARD D. JOHNSTON, Ala.	JOHN LEWIS, Ala.
ROBERT W. B. ELLIOTT, Tex.	NATHANIEL HEYWARD, S. C.	WILLIAM B. NAUTS, Ky.
CHARLES L. GLASS, Tex.	G. WILMER HODGSON, Va.	EDWARD B. NELSON, Mich.
GEORGE H. GLASS, Tex.	EWING F. HOWARD, Miss.	FRANCIS E. SHINE, Fla.
JAMES B. WILDER, Ky.		

## Junior German Club.

### OFFICERS.

#### *President.*

ALEXANDER GALPIN BLACKLOCK.

#### *Treasurer.*

SAMUEL OLIVER NOYES.

#### *Secretary.*

SEBASTIAN KING JOHNSON.

#### *Corresponding Secretary.*

CHARLES GOOKINS DUY.

#### *Leaders.*

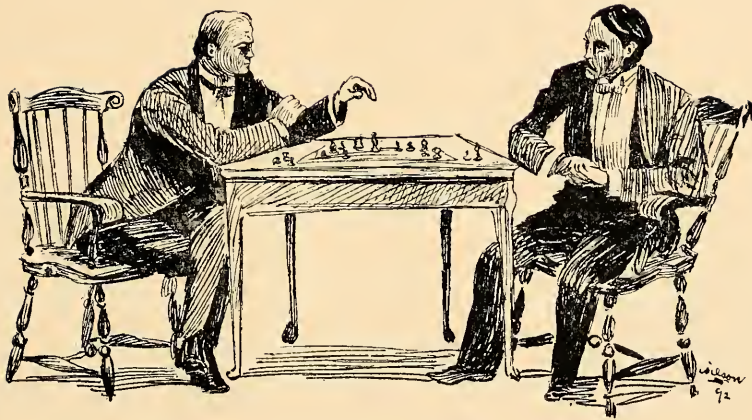
A. G. BLACKLOCK.

S. O. NOYES.

S. K. JOHNSON.

#### *Members.*

ALEXANDER GALPIN BLACKLOCK,	Tenn.
FRANCIS TEBBETTS CONSTANT,	Louisiana.
CHARLES GOOKINS DUY	Georgia.
FRANCIS CHALMERS FISHBURNE,	S. C.
NOLAND FONTAINE,	Tenn.
CHARLES HEYWARD HASKELL,	S. C.
LAWRENCE HILLSMAN,	Georgia.
FRANK HOGAN,	Kentucky.
SEBASTIAN KING JOHNSON,	Georgia.
WILLIAM HENRY LIPSCOMB,	S. C.
HORACE MINGE,	Miss.
SAMUEL OLIVER NOYES,	Texas.
J. MARSHALL WOOLFORK,	Kentucky.
GARNET ZORN,	Kentucky.



Chess and Checkers.

---

W. B. BENJAMIN, Louisiana.

G. W. HODGSON, Georgia.

E. B. NELSON, Michigan.

E. WILSON, Pennsylvania.

D. H. HAMILTON, JR., North Carolina.

JNO. LEWIS, Alabama.

W. B. SHIELDS, Mississippi.

F. V. WILSON, Pennsylvania.

**Whist Club.**

---

C. P. COCKE, Virginia.  
F. L. COYLE, Louisiana.  
F. E. SHOUP, Tennessee.  
JOSÉ SELDEN, Georgia.  
S. D. WILCOX, New York.

H. STUCK, Texas.  
W. G. BROWN, Texas.  
E. D. JOHNSTON, Alabama.  
J. M. NORTHROP, Kentucky.  
R. M. KIRBY-SMITH, Tennessee.

**BUMBLE PUPPY.**

F. C. BAYLISS,  
D. H. HAMILTON, North Carolina.

W. H. JOHNSTON, Alabama.  
L. GUERRY, South Carolina.









THE KALMIA CASCADE.



Balmia Cascade.

---

Will you follow, fellow, follow,  
Down the laurel tangled hollow  
With the shadow lying lowly,  
When the sun is hidden wholly ;

And a little stream goes gliding  
Through the ferns, and slipping sliding  
Down the rocks with glassy gleaming  
Till the green lights lie a dreaming ;

And the shadow deepens double,  
While the water ripples bubble,  
And the dark gloom lightens stilly,  
With the white bloom of the lilly.

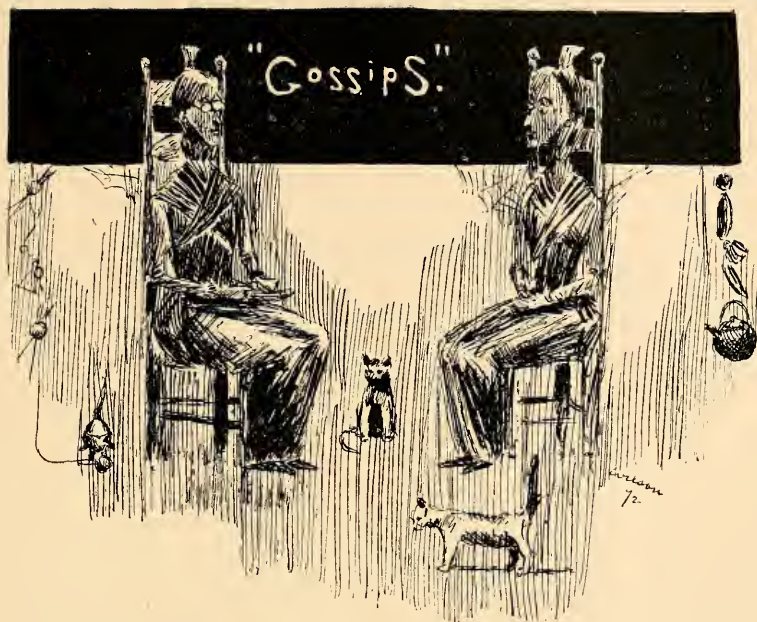




## Miscellaneous Organizations.







## Society for the Purpose of Propagating Juiciful Knowledge.

### SEWANEE BRANCH.

FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 18th, 1868.

#### LIST OF MEMBERS.

T-B-B-Y-C-T.

S-L-N-D-R.

L-N-G T-N-G-E.

M-L-C-E.

M-L-C-S-G-S-P.

T-H-Y S-Y.

I-H-R

R-C-K-L-S-S T-L-K.

During the past year the work of the society has been very good—better even than that done by this star branch of the society during the past. We have discovered how two bottles of Claret made nine students drunk. We have broken off two engagements, and destroyed nineteen warm friendships by our carefully prepared legends. Pages of this book—which by the way we mean to tear in pieces—would be required to tell of all the marvelous lies invented by some of our members and disseminated by others. To enumerate the characters we have damaged, and describe our enjoyment therein would take volumes. Suffice to say, we have been and still are active in furthering the ends of our noble order.

**Sewanee Publications.**

**"THE MOUNTAIN."**

ISSUED WEEKLY.

EDITOR IS ASHAMED TO DECLARE HIMSELF.

**"THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH MAGAZINE."**

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F. E. SHOUP.

**"THE SEWANEE REVIEW."**

EDITED BY THE FACULTY.

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AMERICAN MEN OF LETTER SERIES.

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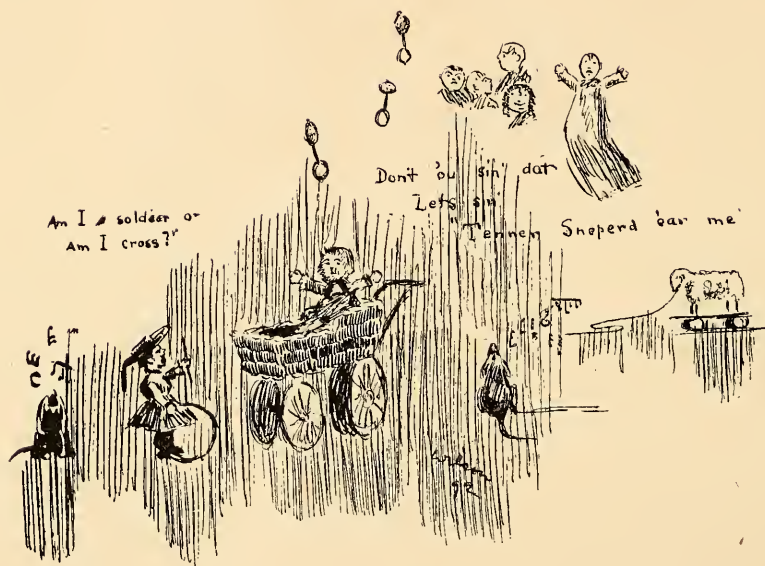
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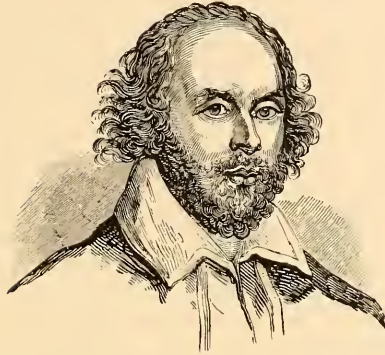
CHARLES P. COCKE.

CECIL BAYLISS.

# The Cap and Gown.



## Our Choir.



## The Sewanee Dramatic Club.

### PRESENTATIONS.

### MERCHANT OF VENICE.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Duke of Venice, . . . . .	MR. W. B. NAUTS.
Shylock, . . . . .	MR. H. W. BLANC.
Antonio, . . . . .	MR. W. H. GRAHAME.
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## The Cap and Gown.

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---

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### MUSICAL SOCIETY OF CALITHUMPS.

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J. M. MORRIS, Foot Tub.

A. H. LIPSCOMB, Triangle.

W. D. CLEVELAND, Jaw.



The Death of Bishop Boone.

Who killed Bishop Boone?  
I, said XVII years' Legal Experience,  
With a hand in each pocket,  
And my head on its socket,  
I gave him first place on my criminal docket,  
I killed Bishop Boone  
With my XVII years' Legal Experience  
And my XVII days' Sewanee experience,  
I slew Bishop Boone.

## The Cap and Gown.

---

Who saw him die?

"I" said the not yet acclimatized

Junior class-man ;

With my radical rearing

I favoured the spearing,

No godly renown my full purpose revering,

I saw him die.

With my iconoclastic and partisan spirit

I helped him die.

Who caught his blood?

"I" said the widely-connected-by-marriage,

With my hat in my hand and my manner so bland,

I threw in my vote at the word of command,

I caught his blood.

With my Rich Influential and Varied connection

I caught his gore.

Who digged his grave?

"I" said Immortality of the Appetite proved by Butler's Analogy :

With my hem! and my haw!

I laid down the Law

And showed them that what I can't eat I can gnaw,

I digged his grave.

With my Immortal Appetite and my Capacity for Details,

I scratched his tomb.

Then the students and profs,

Wept from midnight until noon,

When they heard of the death of poor Bishop Boone,

When they heard of the death of poor Bishop Boone.

## The Frogs of Aristophenes.

Presented by the Students of the School of Greek, under the direction of the Professor.

### CHARACTERS.

Xanthias . . . . .	Mr. Ellwood Wilson.
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Herakles . . . . .	Mr. W. W. Graham.
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	{ Mr. R. W. B. Elliott.
Euripides . . . . .	Mr. W. D. Cleveland, Jr.
Aischylos . . . . .	Mr. J. W. C. Johnson.
Pluton . . . . .	Mr. J. C. Jenkins.
Attendants of Aiakos . . . . .	{ Mr. H. O. Carmichael.
	{ Mr. S. K. Johnson.
Corpse-bearers . . . . .	{ Mr. H. O. Carmichael.
	{ Mr. M. N. Joyner.
	{ Mr. D. C. Bunting.
	{ Mr. Spruille Burford, Jr.

### Chorus of Frogs.

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## The Cap and Gown.



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ELWOOD WILSON.

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STUCK,

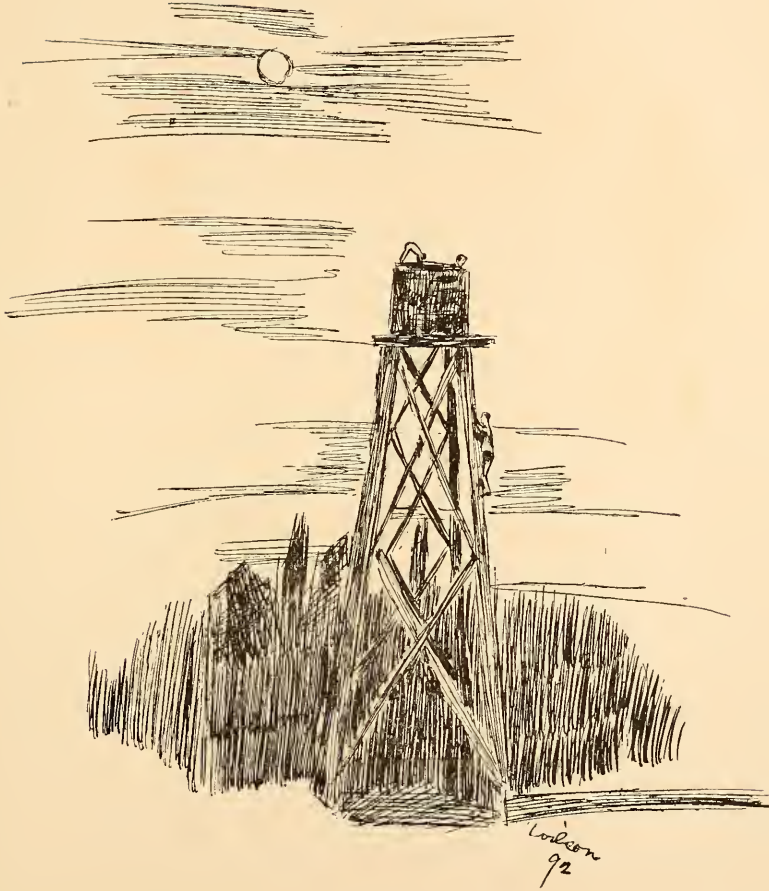
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HENDERSON,  
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*A T Ω*

HEYWARD.  
SHIELDS.

FISHBURNE.  
SHOUP.

*Σ A E*

BLACKLOCK.  
HOLMES.

HASKELL.  
FAISON.

*K Σ*

E. SARGENT.

PARKER.

*φ ∟ θ*

HOGAN.  
HEBBARD.

ZORN.  
WILSON.

*∟ T ∟*

DUY.  
CANNON.

SELDEN.  
BROWN.

*K A*

HAMILTON.  
GLASS, G.

HODGSON.  
GLASS, C.

*Σ N*

AYDELOTT.

SEIBLES.

# Pantesthion.

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## Persons of the Drama.

PANTESTHION,	.....	A Barbarian
LIMOS,	.....	The Demon of Hunger
TRIAKONTINOS,	}	..... Athenians
ALEKTRUON,		
MESSENGER.		

CHORUS OF ATHENIAN BOARDING HOUSE KEEPERS.

---

LIMOS.

Now I vow by Zeus greatest and best of immortals.  
All the call of Zeus, nor his lightnings had sent me away,  
Lest my best of slaves Pantesthion fail of his feasting,  
Nigh the highest of men, like the devouring sea.  
Had the mad Athenians not found light in their madness  
Prayed to staid Athene, and to Apollo the King.  
—May he stay in Hades darkness when next he goes thither—  
Since he Prince of Delphi helps the food offering women;  
I must fly, though I leave here Pantesthion best of my servants,  
From the coming of foes, from th' Athenian boarding-house keepers.

EXIT LIMOS.

## The Cap and Gown.

---

101

ENTER CHORUS.\*

Oh pie ! pie ! pie ! give ear and hear,  
Our fright and fear.  
Starvation stares us in the face and eyes,  
Unless some help our wretched race surprise,  
Low lies our hope, our help lies low,  
Know now no help no hope we know.  
*Eo moi moi me talaina.*

*Eo moi moi me talaina.*  
Though they thee aid they fail, and though  
So still we pray our fare's still so,  
Unless some god to aid in might arise,  
Starvation comes and each soon helpless dies.  
Our death is near,

Oh pie ! pie ! pie ! we weep in rage and fear.

Like the locusts of the land,  
Like the quick and sliding sand,  
Like the all devouring sea,  
Like the fire fiercely free,  
Like the gulf of Tartarus,  
Swiftly opened unto us,  
Like all these combined in one,  
Is the great Pantesthion.  
Like the hollow sphere of air,  
Like the under world of care,  
Like the either infinite.  
Like the empty wastes of light,  
Like the hungry void as far  
As the farthest outer star,  
Like all these combined in one,  
Is the great Pantesthion.  
Mortal man may sound the sea,  
Or the space beyond the sky,  
He may fill the quicksand free,  
Or the fire satisfy.  
Mortal woman may rise higher,  
She may fill a man's desire—  
Not can all combined in one,  
Satisfy Pantesthion.

Oh pie ! pie ! *Eo moi moi me talaina.*

*The Cap and Gown.*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Hold ! the boldest of all the plagues the gods send upon mortals,  
Strides in pride this way with more space inside him than out.

(Enter Pantesthion.)

PANTESTHION.

I have dined very ill, and the food here at Athens is beastly.  
Why ! I've found nothing here that was not very much better at home.  
It's no whit to their credit that I had to make bargains with each one.  
Forcing, of course, them to feed me--before they had seen me eat.  
Why they try to pretend that there's no more food left in Athens.  
They ! and say 'tis my fault, when I've not had a single square meal.  
Who an invalid too, with much complicated afflictions,  
Drag a lagging life on here a guest in their slow little town.  
Near a year I have lived here and have never had half a square meal yet.  
Even the house flies of Athens are worse than the house flies at home.

CHORUS.

When the gods would curse a man,  
Well away.  
Many evil things they can,  
Well a day.  
Some they slay or make afraid,  
Some they make to love a maid,  
Some bear lighter curses laid.  
So men say.  
When the great gods curse a man,  
Well a day.  
Worst of all their ills they can—  
When they weigh.  
Equal evils left and right,  
Then they give a luckless wight  
Love or death or appetite,  
So men say.  
Him they cursed unlucky elf  
With his hunger and himself.

PANTESTHION.

Near here there lies an eating house, good bye !

EXIT PANTESTHION.



(Enter Triakontinos and Alectruon.)

TRIAKONTINOS,

See these women gathered weeping and talking and wailing,  
So oh Athenian woman why weep ye here for the famine?  
For on the shore as I speak landeth a cornship from Chiors,  
Ill will the women of Athen seem in save in house or in market,  
Why cry ye here in the street, well grieved women of Athens?

CHORUS LEADER.

We weep the famine and so too, weep we the cause of the famine  
Ah! for Pantesthion one ship load of corn is too small.

TRIAKONTINOS.

Why! buy with jewels and rings all, and begone to the market,  
Ill will a crowd on the streets seem of Athenian women.

CHORUS LEADER.

Late wait we here for the messenger sent to the shrine of Apollo  
Seeking relief from him who with an eye like a buzzard still haunts us.

TRIAKONTINOS.

Here wends a runner from out there where the city is densest,  
Wand in his hand has he like to a man from the shrine of Apollo.

CHORUS.

Master of the bended bow,  
Help us ever leave us never,  
On our tears thy glances throw,  
Oh! Apollo.

Master of the cunning lyre,  
Lie not to us, nor pursue us,  
Ever with thy glance of fire,  
Oh! Apollo.

## *The Cap and Gown.*

*(Enter Messenger).*

MESSENGER.

Since the Prince of Delphi heard your beseeching and question,  
Any (for many a day) Oracle answered he never,  
Brooding stood priestess and priest worshipper answering never,  
Till shrilled the voice of the priestess out of the cleft and the vapor,  
"Hand to Pantesthion all the food in the city of Athens."  
On, come, I now like the quick flame on the up-leaping fire,  
Past rushing fast as a girl, thinking this thing I have told you.  
And I commanded a feast made of all food within Athens,  
Seventeen oxen and forty sheep and a ship load of bread-stuff  
Ordered and saw it prepared, reverencing the god, ere I came here.

CHORUS.

Master of the bended bow,  
And the lyre and the fire,  
Shinning on the world below.  
Oh! Apollo.

Master of the curving lyre,  
And the bow here below.  
This man all this cooked with fire  
Soon can swallow.

ALECTRUON.

Why my ladies easy 'tis to try and to test him,  
Never was man could hold well, over a ship load of dinner.

CHORUS LEADER.

Why he has more space inside him than black ship, or street, square or city,  
More is the space, and far more inside than outside his skin.

ALECTRUON.

Not if a man's legs were hollow, not if his feet were like caverns,  
Not if his body were emptier e'en than his brain is that truthful.

CHORUS LEADER.

E'en as the ravenous sea licks up the rain and the rivers.  
Growing no fuller with all, thus does Pantesthion's stomach.

ALECTRUON.

So go ye all being women, boarding-house keepers moreover,  
Man cannot gorge like a snake, or a sack made of thin gutta percha,  
Where there must needs be a limit that well knows great king Apollo,  
Namely this same man cannot eat more than ten tons at one sitting,  
Though that he can manage ten, many men say—perhaps truly.

CHORUS LEADER.

Evil the monster inside him, like a gorgonian hydra  
Turning to stone all the boarding-house keepers who see his mouth open.  
Take him, oh messenger off, there where the feast is prepared,  
While we pray mighty Apollo soon to make good his dark saying.

*(Exit Messenger).*

CHORUS.

Merciful master of muses and men,  
Mightiest child of the children of Zeus,  
Lord of the lyre we pray thee again,  
Grant us relief from this curse and abuse.  
Evil its tongue as its hunger is great,  
Naught but its hunger is more than its tongue  
Hollow is it as a tube and its fate  
Is to make famine all mortals among.  
Lord of the lyre we pray thee again,  
Merciful master of muses and men.

Oh echo low echo all of our song,  
Hollow old valleys the mellow shade fills,  
Golden old afternoon shadows lie long  
Stretching away from the foot of the hills.  
Follow Apollo our prayers with thy aid  
Ever disserve this thing from our sight  
Slay not Pantesthion—we are afraid  
It would survive him—his fierce appetite  
Hunger immortal escapes, should he fall—  
Oh echo, low echo all of our call.

## The Cap and Gown.

Worse than the curse that swept over our land,  
 When all our bravest were slain before Troy.  
 Worse than the curse of the Persian hosts grand  
 We would exchange this for death, ay, with joy,  
 Worse than the whole of our soul's life in Hades  
 Coming hereafter, far worse than black death,  
 Worse than the scandalous talk of us ladies,  
 Worse than the buzzards that fly and have breath,  
 Worst of all ills the gods do or have done,  
 Worse than damnation is Panthesthion.

*(Enter Messenger.)*

MESSENGER.

Ere you hear my tale prepare for a hymn to Apollo.  
 Can Pantesthion stand against the wrath of a god?  
 Then when I came to you, then even then at the market  
 Sees he this feast prepared and siezes without invitation.  
 Seventeen half roasted oxen swept to his capacious stomach,  
 Fountain of wine and huge rivers of water and milk and of beer,  
 Thirty-nine sheep and of bread, half of the shipload of breadstuff  
 And as with one hand he rammed the fortieth sheep down his gizzard  
 While with the other he reached out for the rest of the breadstuff.  
 Thanks to Apollo the god, sudden he burst and exploded,  
 Sure 'twas by aid of the god that only so little could burst him.

CHORUS.

Like a vulture on our town,  
 Like a fungus, like a brown,  
 Hunger ridden she—wolf by,  
 Like a lump of misery  
 Swept he like a hurricane,  
 Or a locust swarm in pain.  
 He is gone! The gods remain!

## Applied Quotations.

"A man's a man, for his hat and a' that.—Medical Student.

"This gentleman is hungry—see thou to it."—Bayliss.

"A fat man."—  
"A gross fat man."— } Spears

"O most lame and impotent conclusion."—The Mountain.

"Old father Antir the law."—Spearing.

"Thou hast damnable iteration."—The Choir.

"A mere Anatomy."—Hooks.

"Flat burglary as ever was."—The Hotel Chairs.

"That book in Many's eyes" ! \* ? ! \* \* \* \*—Prof. Trent.

"So sweet and voluble is his discourse."—Mr. Naut's.

"Speak to him Ladies, see !"—Hamilton.

"Scorning the base degrees."—The Busted.

"Silence that dreadful bell !"—The Proctor.

"Hear yon this triton of the minnows."—Stuck.

"Most brisk and giddy paced."—Cleveland, W.

"Deal of skimble-skamble stuff."—The Magazine.

"For my voice. I have lost it."—Smith.

"A thousand blushing apparitions."—The Summer Girls.

"Do not saw the air too much."—The Ball Team.

"Nourishment which is called supper."—E. Q. B.

"Spinsters and Knitters in the sun."—The Guild.

"Little dogs and all."—Sigma Epsilon.

"Bless thee! Thou art translated."—The Squab.

"How sweet a thing *it* is !"—Henderson.

"Like Niobe all *tears*."—The Anchovies.

"That it should come to this !"—Man-who-sells-his-shirt.

"In his old lunes again."—Guthrie.

"A still small voice."—Tobin.

"A hungry and clamorous rabble."—Tremlett Lodgers.

"His eyes a glory, his form an Apollo's."—Coyle.

"A seriousness beyond his years."—Garlington.

"The magic Lyre."—Hooks.

## The Cap and Gown.

---



My little maid is dead, and in her place  
Stands a fair lady, proud and sweet and tall.  
A little like perhaps, with fairer face  
Graver and gentler in her mood withal,  
To whom I bow,—but soft I hear it said  
    Within my heart, my little maid is dead.

























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